

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

FEB-MAR. 1952

NO. 5

10¢

DARK MYSTERIES

WE HAVE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU. YOU SHALL BE
OUR CAPTAIN!

THE CREW, THEY'RE ALL
DEAD... ONLY SKELETONS!!

THAT SHIP WAS
SUNK MANY YEARS
AGO... SAVE ME!!

"HORROR OF THE
GHOSTLY CREW"
"VAMPIRES CURSE"



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Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

LOSE ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

UNSWERED
LABORATORY
APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



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Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

PLUG IN GRASP HANDLE AND APPLY

Take pounds off—keep slim and slim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—**MASSAGE!**

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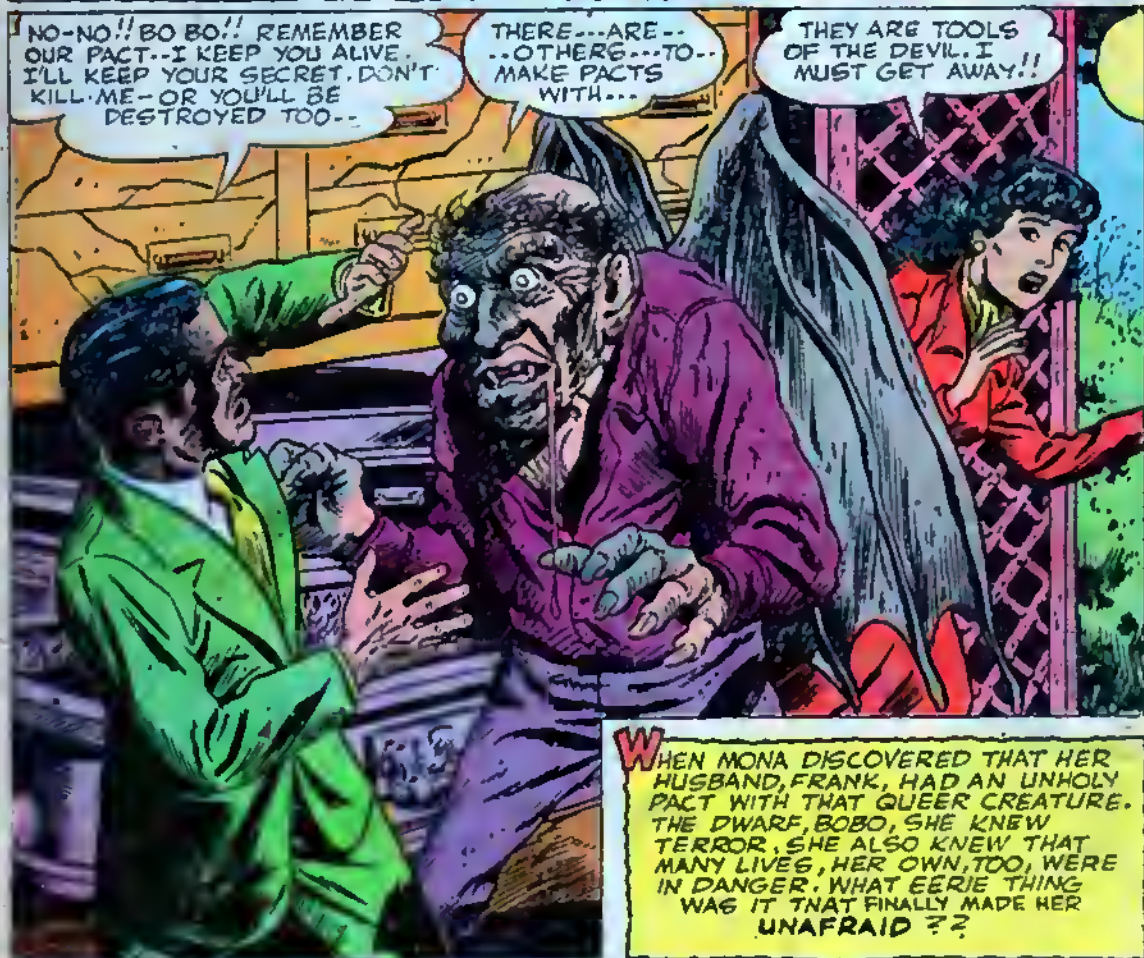
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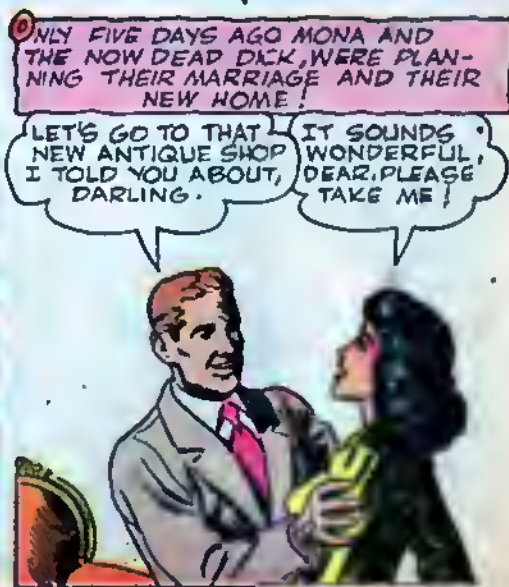
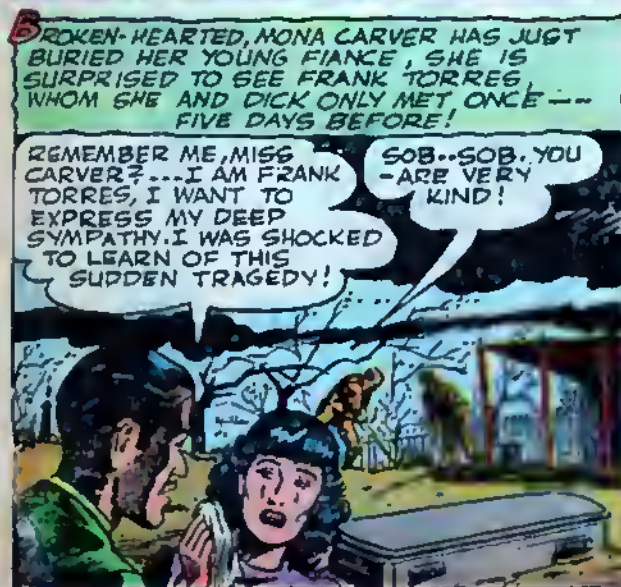
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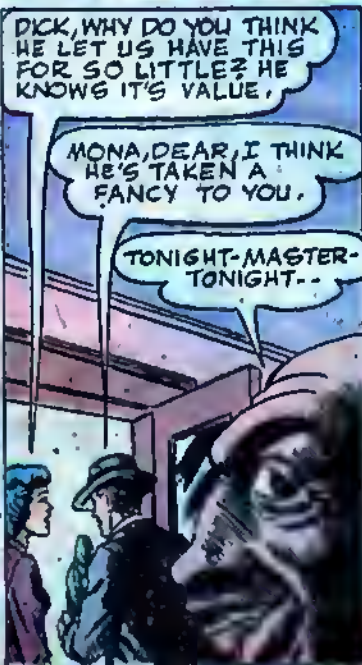
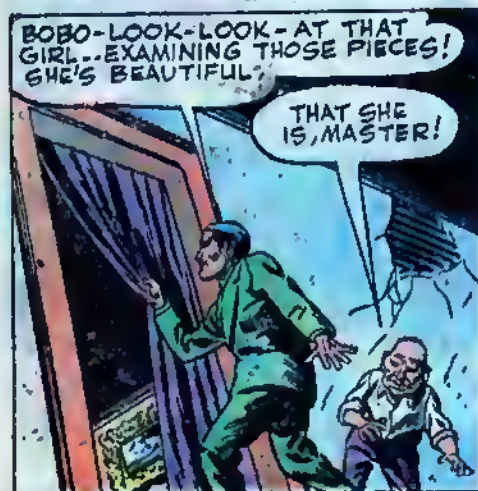
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THE STRANGE AFFAIR WITH... **DEATH!!**



WHEN MONA DISCOVERED THAT HER HUSBAND, FRANK, HAD AN UNHOLY PACT WITH THAT QUEER CREATURE, THE DWARF, BOBO, SHE KNEW TERROR. SHE ALSO KNEW THAT MANY LIVES, HER OWN, TOO, WERE IN DANGER. WHAT EERIE THING WAS IT THAT FINALLY MADE HER UNAFRAID??





THE SUDDEN HORRIBLE DEATH OF DICK PREYED ON MONA'S MIND. HOW DID IT HAPPEN? BUT FRANK TORRES WAS AT THE CEMETERY - SYMPATHETIC AND HELPFUL.

IT'S BEGUN TO RAIN - PLEASE LET ME DRIVE YOU HOME, MISS CARVER.

YOU'RE TOO KIND! MR. TORRES.



FRANK PAID ARDENT COURT TO MONA AND SOON HE WAS BEGGING HER TO MARRY HIM. HE HAD A STRANGE FASCINATION OVER HER.

MONA, DARLING, WHY WAIT? MARRY ME NOW. I ADORE YOU. I'LL HELP FIND DICK'S SLAYER.

WILL YOU, FRANK? PROMISE?



MONA YIELDED TO FRANK'S PERSISTENT ENTREATIES. BUT SOON AFTER THE HONEYMOON HE BEGAN TO LEAVE THE HOUSE ALMOST NIGHTLY, THE DWARF ALWAYS ACCOMPANYING HIM!

DON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN, FRANK? WHERE DO YOU GO AT NIGHT?

MY LOVE - THIS IS A BUSINESS MATTER, YOU MUSTN'T ASK QUESTIONS! ABOVE ALL, NEVER FOLLOW ME, UNDERSTAND?



BUT MONA DID NOT OBEY!

FRANK GETS RICHER AND RICHER. WHAT DO THOSE TWO DO AT NIGHT? I MUST FOLLOW.



WHY ARE THEY GOING INTO THAT BURIAL VAULT? WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?



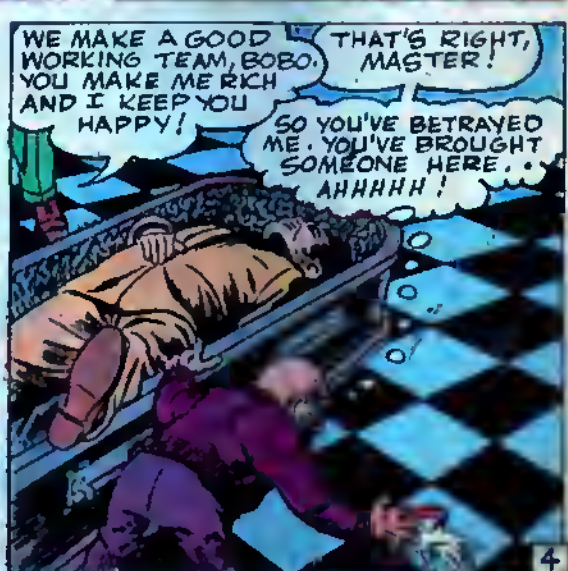
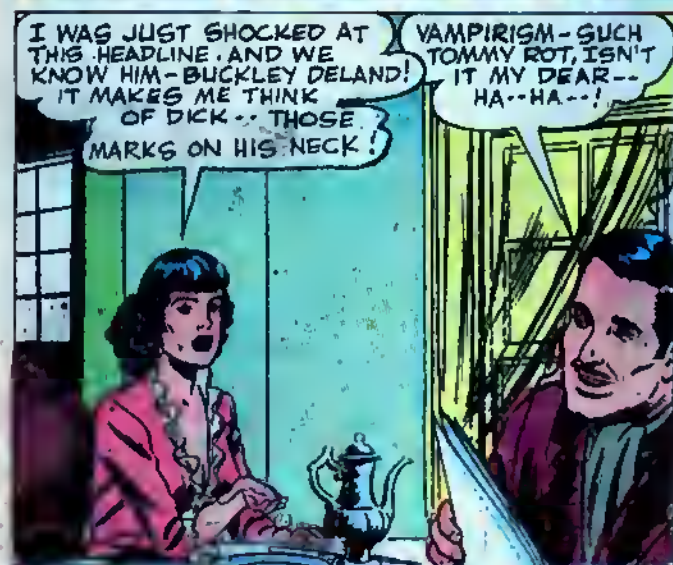
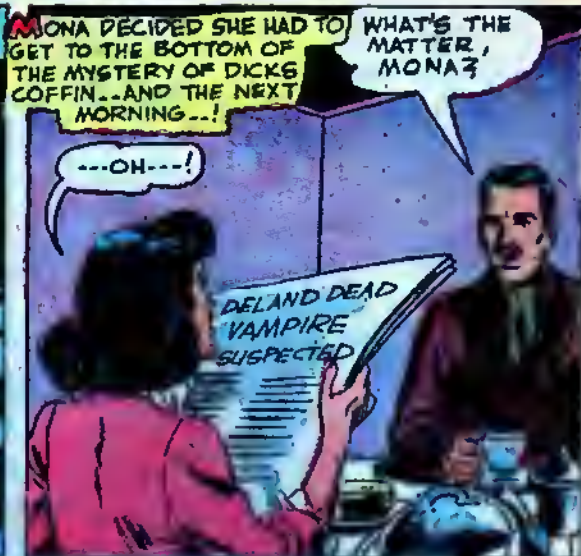
IT'S OPENING! LUCKY I PUT ALL OF FRANK'S KEYS IN MY BAG!



IN THE GLOOMY INTERIOR OF THIS PLACE OF DEATH, MONA READ THE NAME OF HER DEAD FIANCE. ONE OF THE EMPTY COFFINS SHOWED THE NAME OF A PROMINENT, RICH MAN WHO WAS NOT DEAD AT ALL!

HOW DID DICK'S COFFIN GET IN HERE? WHY ARE THERE COFFINS - WAITING - ONE EMPTY AND ONE FOR MR. DELAND, BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE.







I JUST PICKED THIS UP, MASTER.

HOW DID THIS GET HERE?



AS THEY ARE LEAVING FOR AN EVENING'S DIVERSION, FRANK'S EYE FALLS UPON MONA'S GLOVE-- WITH A RED CUFF...

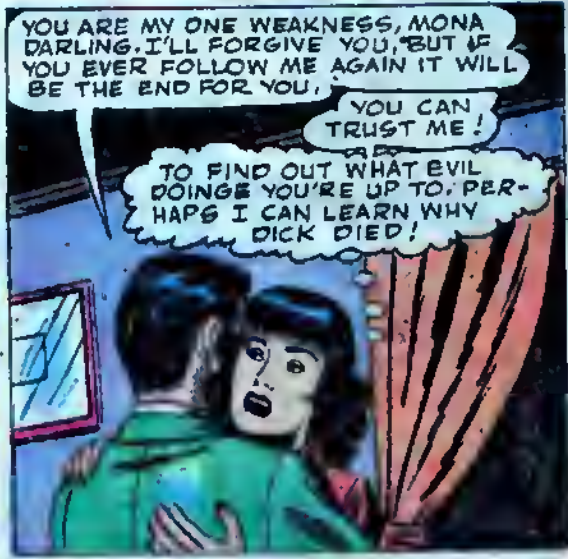
OH, FRANK-- I MUST HAVE DROPPED MY OTHER GLOVE IN MY ROOM. I'D BETTER SEE...

THEN IT WAS YOU... WHO FOLLOWED ME-- THERE...



HERE'S THE OTHER GLOVE-- YOU DISOBEYED ME. I SHALL HAVE TO--TO--

OH,-- FRANK I WAS JEALOUS-- SO-- I FOLLOWED YOU. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. BUT I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET...



YOU ARE MY ONE WEAKNESS, MONA DARLING. I'LL FORGIVE YOU, BUT IF YOU EVER FOLLOW ME AGAIN IT WILL BE THE END FOR YOU.

YOU CAN TRUST ME!

TO FIND OUT WHAT EVIL DOINGS YOU'RE UP TO, PERHAPS I CAN LEARN WHY DICK DIED!



THE NEXT NIGHT FRANK HAS TO LEAVE FOR A DISTANT TOWN. MONA AND BOBO SEE HIM SAFELY OFF AT THE RAILROAD STATION.

WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK, FRANK?

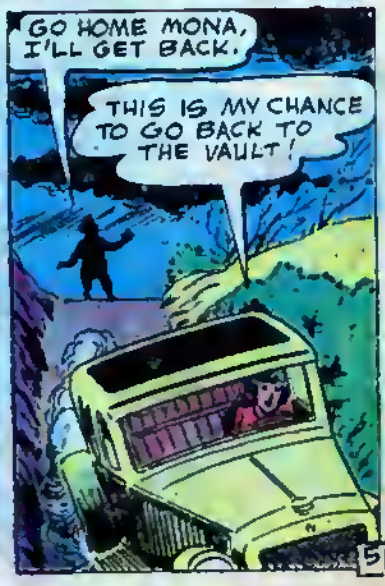
IN TWO OR THREE DAYS, DEAR GOOD BYE!



AS MONA DROVE HOME BOBO ASKED TO BE LET OUT!

WHY STOP HERE, BOBO? HOW WILL YOU GET BACK?

I'M MEETING SOMEONE HERE SOON, LET ME OUT.



GO HOME MONA, I'LL GET BACK.

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GO BACK TO THE VAULT!



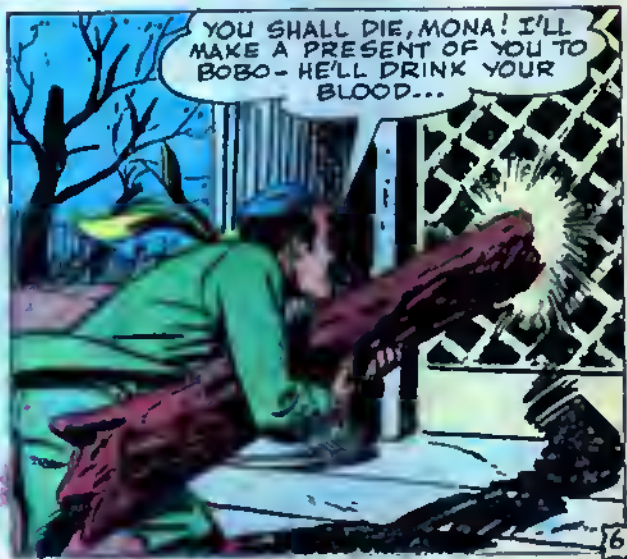
JUST THEN A CAR APPROACHED. THE NOISE STARTLED BOBO...AND...

SUDDENLY THE DWARF, BOBO, DISAPPEARED. MONA, SAW ONLY THAT A HUGE BAT FLAPPED ITS WINGS AND SETTLED SOMEWHERE UP IN THE DIM CEILING.



MONA! STOP! I SUSPECTED YOU'D COME HERE... YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS...

FRANK DIDN'T GO! HE FOOLED ME. OH- HE'LL KILL ME. I MUST GO IN AND LOCK THE VAULT.



MONA STARED AT THE NAME PLATE OF THE COFFIN WHERE BOBO HAD BEEN CHISELING. WHAT SHE SAW WAS A SHOCK-BUT IT GAVE HER COURAGE TO OPEN THE DOOR AND LET FRANK IN...

FRANK TORRES! IT'S HIS NAME ON THE COFFIN!

FRANK IS MARKED FOR DEATH! I NEEDN'T BE AFRAID.

BOBO-WHERE IS SHE - MONA? I'VE GOT TO KILL HER...

YOU BETRAYED ME, FRANK YOU MUST DIE!!

OH, NO! NOT ME. OH, NO BOBO, I DIDN'T BETRAY YOU.... SHE FOLLOWED ME...

MONA SAW THE HUGE EVIL WINGS SWEEP DOWN AND ENVELOP FRANK....

MONA HELP ME... ARGHH...GRR.

OH, NO!

AN AUTOPSY WAS HELD.

HER STORY IS IMPROBABLE BUT HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN THOSE FANG MARKS ON HIS NECK. THE MARK OF A VAMPIRE.

WHEN MONA KNEW BOBO WAS THE VAMPIRE WHO CHISELED HIS VICTIMS NAME AND FRANK WAS HIS EVIL PARTNER. BOBO TOOK THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS AND FRANK THEIR POSSESSIONS BUT WHO WOULD RELIEVE HER?

THE END

THE VIGIL OF THE GHOST PIRATES!



A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, AN UNCHARTED ISLAND, A BURIED TREASURE, A CAPTAIN WHO WOULDN'T DIE--ALL FORM THE STRANGE EVENTS OF THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ! THIS IS THE TALE OF A CAPTAIN WHO RETURNED TO HIS CREW-- A CREW DEAD FOR TWO CENTURIES--WAITING --ETERNALLY WAITING IN A ROTTED CAVE FOR THE ONE PERSON DESTINED TO LEAD THEM INTO THE WORLD OF---DEATH!!

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH HOUSE WAS FEELING BAD. IN FACT, HE WAS SLUMPED AGAINST A SLEAZY CAFE BAR IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES PORT OF TAMPUL, QUITE DRUNK...

SIX MONTHS MY SHIP'S BEEN DOCKED HERE AN' I'M BROKE-- I CAN'T MOVE HER!

NO MORE, CAP'N.



DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! SET UP ANOTHER ONE, I SAID!

FIRST PAY ME WHAT YOU OWE ME, CAP'N HOUSE



A STRANGE OLD SAILOR WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING CAPTAIN HOUSE, NOW WALKED UP TO THE YOUNG MAN--A PECULIAR SMILE ON HIS WITHERED LIPS...

PARDON, ME, MATEY. BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARIN' YER PREDICAMENT/ YOU CAPTAIN HOUSE?

YEAH, THAT'S MY NAME. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?



WE GOT TO GO ALONE...WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU IS VERY IMPORTANT/ I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME/

THERE'S A TABLE / FUNNY OLD CUSS--HE SMELLS OF SEA-WEED-- LIKE HE'S BEEN BURIED IN THE STUFF/



THE OLD MAN BEGAN TALKING. AT TIMES HIS VOICE WOULD BE LOST IN THE HUBB OF THE CROWD. THEN SUDDENLY, HE PULLED OUT A BIT OF PARCHMENT...

I'LL MAKE YOU RICH. HERE'S THE MAP TO BURIED TREASURE/ IT'S YOURS, CAP'N--FER A PRICE!



GET LOST, BUSTER/ I'M NOT A TOURIST/

LISTEN/ THE PRICE IS THIS/ AFTER YOU FIND THE TREASURE, YOU MUST TAKE MY SHIPMATES AND ME TO A PLACE WE HAVE WANTED TO GO FOR A LONG TIME / AGREED?



I'LL HUMOR THIS OLD LOONEY, ANYWAY/

SURE/ SURE/ I AGREE/ HEY, BARTENDER--HURRY UP WITH THE DRINKS/



WHAT THE.../ HE'S GONE/ BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE / I WAS JUST TALKING TO HIM/ CARLOS-- DID YOU SEE AN OLD MAN LEAVE HERE?



WHAT OLD MAN? YOU'VE BEEN MUTTERING AND SHOUTING TO YOURSELF ALL NIGHT/



YOU'RE NUTS/ HE WAS HERE WITH ME/ LOOK-- THERE'S HIS MAP...ULP/ IT'S GONE/

TAKE MY ADVICE, CAP/ GO HOME AN' GET SOME SLEEP/ YOU NEED IT/



PUZZLED, CONFUSED, HIS HEADWHIRLING FROM TOO MUCH NATIVE DRINK, JEREMIAH HOUSE STAGGERED TO HIS SHIP AND TO BED. NEXT MORNING...

OH...WHAT A NIGHT / HELLO--WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A MAP/ I WASN'T DREAMING AFTER ALL-- EVEN THOUGH IT IS WORTHLESS JUNK/ BUT IT GIVES ME AN IDEA/



A HALF-HOUR LATER, HE WAS IN A STINKY APARTMENT, HOLDING A VOLUPTUOUS GIRL IN HIS ARMS...

THIS IS IT, ARLENE BABY! I'M SURPRISED I DIDN'T THINK OF IT BEFORE! IF YOU CAN MAKE TERHEIN THINK IT'S GENUINE, THEN HE'LL HORN IN ON IT! WE'LL LET HIM OUTFIT MY SHIP THEN HE'LL HAVE AN "ACCIDENT" AND WHO'LL PROVE OTHERWISE?

YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT GUSTAF'S LEFT ME EVERYTHING IN HIS WILL!

YEAH! THE WHOLE WATERFRONT KNOWS HOW WE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU! THAT'S WHY THIS IS A NATURAL! THINK OF IT, BABY-- JUST YOU AN' ME-- WITH TERHEIN'S DOUGH!

JERRY-- JERRY-- I CAN'T WAIT!

SO ARLENE WORKED HER WILES ON FAT GUSTAF TERHEIN, HER RICH HUSBAND, AND THREE NIGHTS LATER...

I'LL PUT UP THE MONEY FOR THE TRIP. WE DIVIDE WHAT WE FIND 60-40/ YES?

OKAY, GUSTAF, I NEED THE DOUGH!

AFTER A WEEK OF PREPARATION, A SMALL SCHOONER SAILED FROM THE HARBOR CARRYING THREE PEOPLE-- ONE THINKING OF BURIED TREASURE-- TWO BENT ON A FOUL SCHEME!

I'LL LASH THE HELM DIRECTED TO THAT LITTLE ATOL' I KNOW AND WE'LL GO BELOW!

YES, JERRY, DARLING!

BUT EACH NIGHT AN OLD SAILOR TOOK THE HELM... ONE WHOM NO ONE SAW...

AND ONE MORNING...

AN UNCHARTED ISLAND-- IT CAN'T BE!

DROP ANCHOR... WE'VE ARRIVED!

AN HOUR LATER, ON SHORE, TERHEIN RAN AHEAD WITH THE MAP TO LOCATE THE TREASURE, HOUSE AND ARLENE STAYED BEHIND FOR THE FALSE PURPOSE OF SETTING UP SUPPLIES...

IT'S OUR CHANCE-- WE'LL LEAVE HIM -- NOW!

TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!



THEY WERE STILL MAKING PLANS WHEN TERHEIN RUSHED OUT OF THE JUNGLE EXCITED BEYOND MEASURE...

IT'S THERE/ I'VE FOUND IT/ THE TREASURE-- I'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!

WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY/ I MEAN-- ARE YOU SURE?



OF COURSE I AM/ IT'S IN SOME SORT OF A CAVE-- TRUNKS AND TRUNKS OF IT/ MURRY!

COME ON, ARLENE!



THERE IT IS, HOUSE/ GOLD DOUBLOONS-- WORTH MILLIONS/ THEY MUST BE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

JERRT--I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



WE'RE RICH/ DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, ARLENE? WE'RE RICH!

YOU MEAN ALL OF US ARE RICH/ ALL THREE/ THE TREASURE IS OURS!



PUT THAT RIFLE DOWN, HOUSE!

NO! TERHEIN! YOU SEE, WE INTENDED TO LEAVE YOU STRANDED HERE/ NOW YOU MUST DIE/ ALL THE TREASURE IS ARLENE'S AND MINE ALONE!



OUT OF THE CAVE'S MURKY GLOOM HAD COME A HUGE CUTLASS TO KNOCK THE RIFLE FROM CAPTAIN HOUSE'S GRASP/ AND STEPPING OUT OF THE SHADOWS WERE...

PIRATES!

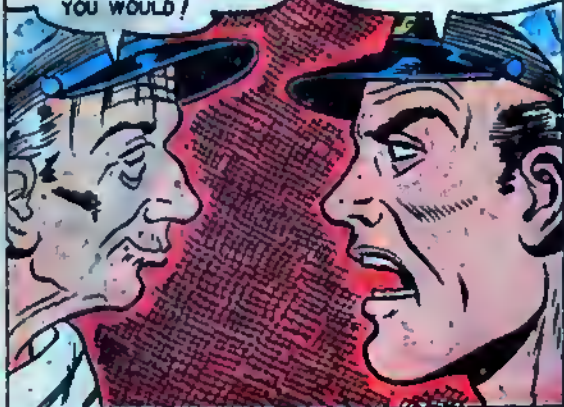
AY, CAPTAIN! AND WELCOME BACK! HA HA HA.....



THE EERIE LAUGHTER BROUGHT A PANG OF TERROR TO JEREMAH HOUSE. THEN A STRANGELY FAMILIAR OLD MAN ADDRESSED HIM...

HA HA! YOU'VE RETURNED TO US, CAPTAIN! I KNEW YOU WOULD!

YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE MAP! WHAT IS ALL THIS?



TWO CENTURIES AGO, OUR TREASURE SHIP WAS REEF-ED HERE. WE BUILT A BOAT FROM THE WRECKAGE BIG ENOUGH FOR ONE MAN. OUR CAPTAIN CHATEAU SET SAIL TAKING MUCH GOLD, PROMISING HE'D RETURN. HE NEVER DID! WE'VE SEARCHED FOR DECADES TO FIND HIM. NOW OUR PURPOSE IS FULFILLED! WE MUST OBEY HIS ORDERS AND ARE DOOMED TO LIVE HERE TILL CAPTAIN CHATEAU SAILS US AWAY!



THIS IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC! BUT WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

COME! YOU AND THE OTHERS WILL ACCOMPANY US TO OUR SHIP. SHE IS READY FOR THE TRIP--AS WE HAVE BEEN--WAITING ONLY FOR YOU GUIDE US!



GUSTAF TERHEIN HAD LISTENED WITH SHEER DISBELIEF! NOW HIS HAND EDGED TOWARD HIS PISTOL WHICH THEY HAD NOT BOTHERED TO TAKE...

STAND BACK OR I'LL KILL YOU! YOU'RE EITHER CRAZY--OR THIS IS A WEIRD PRACTICAL JOKE--BUT THE TREASURE IS REAL--AND IT'S MINE!

YOU CANNOT HARM US!



I WARNED YOU-- NOW OIE!

HA HA HA!

NO-- I HIT THEM-- BUT THEY DON'T FALL! THEY-- THEY'RE HOT ALIVE! YAAAAAAAHH!!

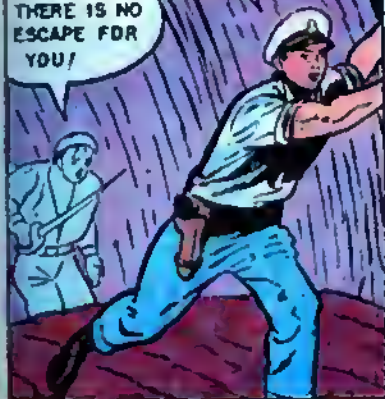


THE PIRATES SOON MADE AN END OF TERHEIN!

THE CAPTAIN AND THE GIRL STOOD PARALYZED WITH FRIGHT THEN HOUSE GATHERED HIS WITS, AND...

QUICK--WE MIGHT GET AWAY WHILE THEY'RE STILL OCCUPIED!

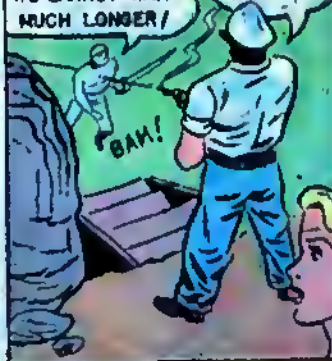
STOP!
THERE IS NO
ESCAPE FOR
YOU!



THE DUO HAD MANAGED TO CLIMB AN ADJOINING LEDGE THAT LED TO THE OUTSIDE, BUT JUST AS THEY REACHED THE OPENING CORRIDOR...

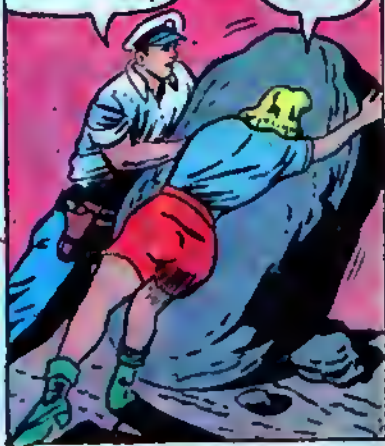
THIS IS OUR LAST WARNING, HOUSE! WE CANNOT WAIT MUCH LONGER!

I'LL SEE YOU IN HADES FIRST!



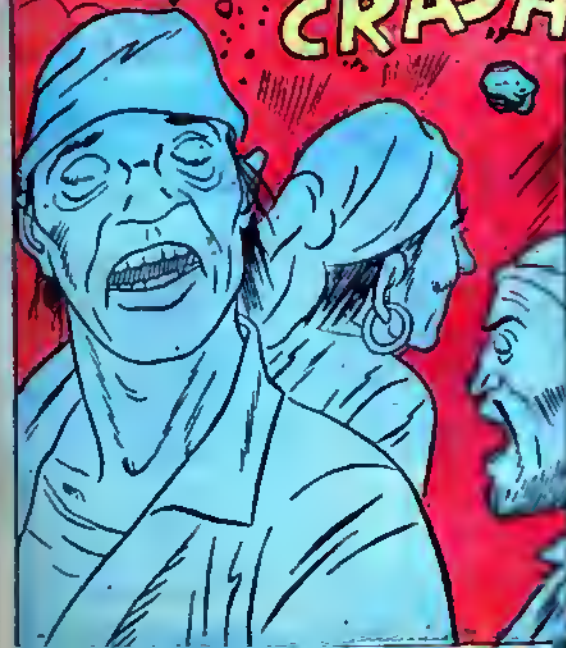
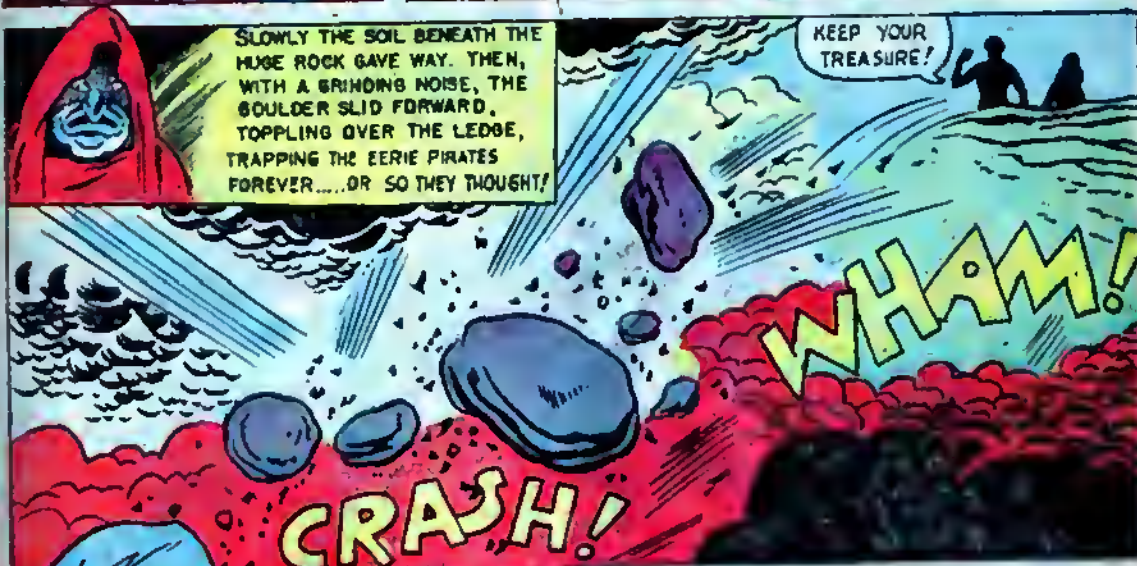
WAIT--WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE! PUSH AGAINST THIS BOULDER, ARLENE-- PUSH.. FOR HEAVENS SAKE... PUSH!

I... I'M TRYING! IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING!



SLOWLY THE SOIL BENEATH THE HUGE ROCK GAVE WAY. THEN, WITH A GRINDING NOISE, THE BOULDER SLID FORWARD, TOPPLING OVER THE LEDGE, TRAPPING THE EERIE PIRATES FOREVER....OR SO THEY THOUGHT!

KEEP YOUR TREASURE!



TWO FIGURES, STAGGERED OUT OF THE OPENING, EYES FILLED WITH DUST...CHESTS HEAVING WITH EXHAUSTION... AND WITH TERROR...

COUGH...COUGH...IT'S NIGHT...WHERE ARE WE?
I...I'M LOST!

THE SHIP IS ANCHORED NEAR HERE! COME ON-- IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW!

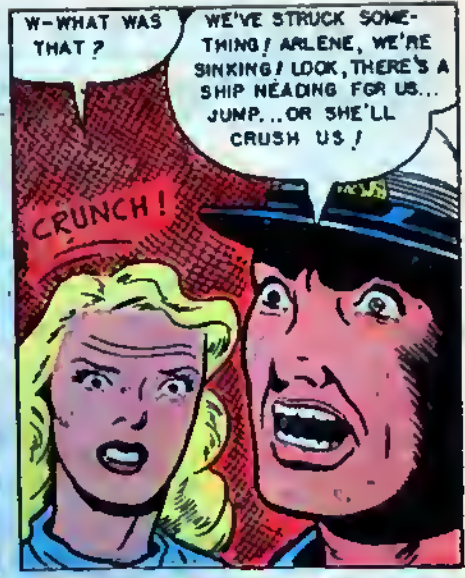


THE TWO WORKED FRANTICALLY TO SET SAIL. WITHIN MOMENTS, THE SMALL SCHOONER WAS SWINGING UNDER A STIFF BREEZE-- ON ITS WAY HOME!



WHEN I THINK OF THOSE CREATURES SWARMING OVER GUSTAF, I...

SNH, HONEY... THAT'S OVER--



W-WHAT WAS THAT?

WE'VE STRUCK SOMETHING! ARLENE, WE'RE SINKING! LOOK, THERE'S A SHIP HEADING FOR US... JUMP... OR SHE'LL CRUSH US!

CRUNCH!



HELP! HELP!

KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE WATER... THEY'RE (GASP) THROWING US A LINE! I GOT IT! WE'RE SAFE NOW!



WE HAVE RETURNED --FOR YOU!

YOU HAVE YOUR TREASURE...B-BUT WHY DO YOU WANT ME? WHY?

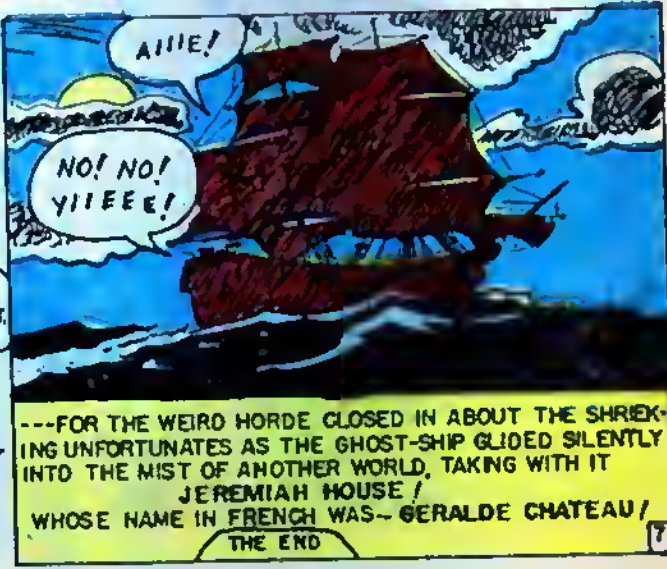
THEY ARE THE PIRATES! AIIIEE!

AND THE ANSWER THEY RECEIVED FROM THE MIDEOUS GRINNING SKELETON, WHOSE FLESH HUNG IN SHREDS FROM THE IMPACT OF THE CAVE-IN THAT HAD BURIED THE GHOSTLY PIRATES, WAS TO BE THEIR LAST!

YOU ARE THE DESCENDANT OF THE ONE WHO DESERTED US! HIS NAME WAS GERALDE CHATEAU-- AND YOURS, CAPTAIN? WHAT IS YOURS? HA HA HA!



IT'S NOT THE TREASURE WE WANT, BUT THE BLOOD OF OUR CAPTAIN!



AIIIE!

NO! NO! YIIIEE!

---FOR THE WEIRD HORDE CLOSED IN ABOUT THE SHRIeking UNFORTUNATES AS THE GHOST-SHIP GLIDED SILENTLY INTO THE MIST OF ANOTHER WORLD, TAKING WITH IT JEREMIAH HOUSE! WHOSE NAME IN FRENCH WAS-- GERALDE CHATEAU! THE END

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY.

OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!

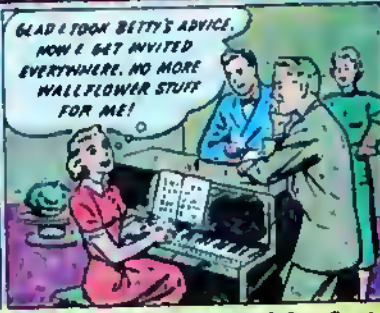


I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO. IF I COULD ONLY PLAY THE PIANO THE WAY BETTY DOES. 'WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED SO FAST? I'LL ASK HER THE FIRST CHANCE I GET.



MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

IF IT'S AS EASY AS YOU SAY AND IT ONLY COSTS \$1.98 I'LL GO FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!



GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE. NOW I GET INVITED EVERYWHERE. NO MORE WALLFLOWER STUFF FOR ME!

"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."

-A.C.C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."

-C.G.N., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."

-E.S., New York

Hundreds of thankful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

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CHIMES OF DEATH

By ELLEN LYNN

BRENT LOCKWOOD had no use for ghosts, hypnotists or the like. You see, he was a scientist.

I was in love with Brent, but I could not make up my mind to marry him. Every time he pressed me to set the date for our wedding, I found new excuses to put it off. It wasn't entirely clear in my own mind why I experienced such conflict of emotions. Was I afraid, that as the wife of a research scientist I would be alone a great deal; his absorption in his work would exclude me most of the time? Was I also resistant toward his strong will and forceful personality—fearing to be submerged by him?

Brent's family was anxious for us to get married. I know they liked me, but they felt he needed the influence of a wife and a home of his own to take his mind occasionally off his research problems.

"Why can't you set a date, Joan?" Brent's sister Alice asked me. "We're all so anxious to have you in the family—and Brent's been stuck in that laboratory of his so steadily we feel marriage will do a lot for him."

"I can't leave my job for the next two months," I answered, feeling a sense of guilt. "My boss, Mr. Arnold, is in Europe and I just can't walk out on him now."

Alice shrugged. "Well, you know best, dear. But don't forget to be at our house this evening—the whole family's coming and don't let Brent make any excuses."

I laughed. "I'll bring him if I have to kidnap him from his lab."

That evening, Brent and I were driving to Alice's house. As usual he had protested going. "I'm in the midst of something important—I can't leave it for a mere party."

"You're not leaving it for a 'mere party,'" I retorted. "We're supposed to be engaged, remember? It's customary to spend an evening occasionally with your fiancée—and occasionally take her to parties."

That made Brent give in and we started off for Alice's house—almost an hour's drive into Westchester.

"What's the occasion for Alice's party? D'you know?" Brent asked.

"Yes. The famous British telepathist, Dr. Abner Graham, is coming to her house. The Nelsons are bringing him and your whole family is quite excited about meeting him."

Brent was frowning. He stared at me intently. "Are you serious?" he asked. "My family—excited about meeting a telepathist—a thought transmit-

ter—I Why the man's a charlatan! Since when have the folks gone over to such superstitious nonsense? Tell me, Joan!"

The intensity of Brent's reaction surprised me. True, a scientist would be expected to deride mental telepathy, the reading of the mind, but why should Brent take it so personally.

I answered Brent somewhat cautiously, hoping to calm him down. "Oh, I don't know, Brent. Your family isn't particularly superstitious. This Dr. Graham has performed some amazing feats of what looks like telepathy. No one has been able to explain them."

"Don't tell me that you, too, believe in mental telepathy!" Brent asked me incredulously. "That would be—too much!"

"Too much—for what?" I retorted. "Too much for you to take—even from me?" I paused. Then, "Really, Brent, you're getting excited over nothing. Not everyone has your scientific mind. Some of us are owed by the unknown. I can't say I believe in mental telepathy, but some telepathists have read the minds of strangers—and I can't help wondering how it was done. Is that so shocking to you?"

Brent was still angry. He grew sarcastic: "I expected more intelligence from the girl who is to be my wife."

This intolerant attitude on Brent's part, this unwillingness to take anything on faith, seemed more than I could stand. Perhaps this was why I had been stalling about our wedding date.

"I'm not your wife, yet, Brent," I reminded him. "You've been saved just in time from marrying a girl of such low intelligence. You are free to look elsewhere."

The car pulled over to the side of the dark road and Brent turned off the ignition. His voice, quivered as he made his excuses. He put his arms around me, explaining that his nerves were under a strain from working so steadily at the lab. We kissed and made up, and continued on our way to Alice's party. But I had misgivings. Brent was not one to give up his opinions easily.

It was at Alice's gay, lively party, with everyone enjoying drinks and exchanging amusing talk that I realized how somber, almost sullen, Brent had become. If I laughed at a humorous story, I caught Brent's intent gaze riveted on me. At one point, Alice's husband, Jim, whirled me into a dance, a good record was on, and to my amazement Brent, who never danced, cut in. He led me outdoors and dropped his arm, facing me sternly.

"You're still angry with me," he announced. "You're trying to make me jealous."

"Brent—don't be silly," I answered. "If I laugh, if I'm friendly to the guests, you accuse me of ulterior motives. What is the matter with you?"

We heard a loud humming of voices through the open door and Jim poked his head out: "Come on in, you two. Dr. Graham just arrived. He's really amazing."

Brent tried to control himself, but he could not suppress a sneer. He took my arm, "Come on, let's meet your great thought transmitter, and get our thoughts read." I drew my arm away and walked inside.

Dr. Graham was an attractive man of about thirty-six. He was standing in the midst of a group of guests who were expressing gasps of amazement as the telepathist demonstrated, on a parlor-game level, some examples of his skill. As I stood well back at the other side of the room, watching Dr. Graham, his eyes caught mine and for several minutes our gazes held. Then, to my surprise, Brent spoke in a low, tense voice: "So, you're quite intrigued with this charlatan! A handsome face and a well-cut suit—and people are ready to believe anything. I'll prove to you what a fraud is this Dr. Abner Graham."

Before I knew what Brent was doing, he grabbed my arm and approached the group around Dr. Graham. In a cutting voice that rang out, Brent said, "Dr. Graham, I am a scientist and as such I wish to declare that I consider your practice of telepathy a fraud."

I wanted to sink through the floor. And when Dr. Graham answered with quiet dignity I was embarrassed to realize that Brent was still holding tightly to my arm.

"Everyone, even a scientist, is entitled to his opinion! However, you make an accusation based on no evidence," was Dr. Graham's answer.

"My evidence is about to be revealed to all your admirers present," said Brent. "I would like you to tell us all what is written on the tomb of—Brent Lockwood, III."

There was an exchange of glances all around the room. Brent's sisters and brothers looked embarrassed.

Dr. Graham lowered his eyes and was silent. Brent turned to look at me, a triumphant sneer on his lips. I turned away. It was quite tricky of Brent to have thought up that one, but his whole attitude made me uneasy. I didn't like it. Of course, Dr. Graham couldn't know that his macker was Brent Lockwood—and there was no tomb. Just then Dr. Graham's voice was heard—I turned back quickly.

"Yes. . .," he said, "I can tell you. It is a very simple inscription. It reads: 'Brent Lockwood, Born Dec. 10, 1920; Died June 16, 1951.'"

Brent's laughter rang out in the quiet room. "Now, dear family and friends, you can see what a fake this man is. Dr. Graham, it seems I have to inform you who I am: Brent Lockwood, III."

Brent laughed loud again. "And since today is June 16th, 1951, and it is almost midnight, and since I am a healthy young man of thirty-one, your reading of my tombstone is—well—invented, to put it gently."

A silence fell over the room. Somehow Brent's victory seemed an empty one. His sisters and brothers looked glum and the party began to break up. Dr. Graham shook hands with Alice and Jim and asked to be excused. He threw one glance at me and with an almost imperceptible nod left the room. Everyone else made their good-nights brief and Brent and I escaped with the rest. We sat in the car without a word. Finally he broke the silence between us: "Well, Joon, I hope you and the rest are cured of this telepathy nonsense. And I want you to make up your mind about us and give me your final answer. When are we getting married?"

"I have made up my mind," I answered quietly. "We're not suited to each other at all, Brent. You're the intelligent scientist, I, just an average, unenlightened person."

"You mean you won't accept the fact that Graham is a fraud—as I showed him up?" Brent asked incredulously.

It was hard to answer him, but I said, "You caught Dr. Graham with a trick. But there is something about him—something sincere and genuine. . ."

Suddenly I felt afraid of the angry gleam in Brent's eyes, as again he turned his gaze from the road and looked full at me. We were near a cemetery. It was almost a relief when we heard the roaring sound of a speeding car coming closer and closer to us. As it came alongside, it veered so close to our car, Brent had to pull over and come to a stop. Four men, wearing slouch hats, jumped out and we found ourselves being held up by gunmen! I shrieked when I saw Brent start to grope with one of the men. "Stop, Brent, I shouted. Don't struggle, there're too many! Please, please, Brent."

While one man pointed a gun at me, the other three beat up Brent. I heard a terrible moon and saw blood gushing from the side of his head. They were dragging us both somewhere when I felt a blow on my head and fell unconscious.

When I came to, Brent was dragging himself over the ground. I pulled myself up to a sitting position and saw with horror that we were in a graveyard. Then I heard Brent calling me in a guttural voice that sent shivers up my spine. His eyes looked full of terror and he was pointing with rigid finger at a tombstone. I staggered over and read: "Brent Lockwood, Born Dec. 10, 1920; Died June 16, 1951."

As the midnight chimes rang out, with a wild cry, Brent called out: "It can't be; it can't be!" and fell over—dead!

THE END.

TERROR of the CAT-MEN



"I'M STEVE HANNAN, ENGINEER, U.S.A. ...THE STORY I'M GOING TO TELL YOU IS ONE OF UNBELIEVABLE HORROR! PERHAPS BY RELATING IT TO YOU, I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE SENSE OUT OF THE VIOLENT SITUATION I FIND MYSELF IN...A SITUATION SO INSANE, SO IRRATIONAL, THAT I WISH I WERE ...BUT WAIT, LET ME BEGIN MY STORY...

DOUG WILDEY

IT BEGAN A MONTH AGO WHEN SANDY LAKE AND I ATTENDED THE FUNERAL OF GEORGETTE HINGS, A GIRL WHOM WE BOTH LOVED...

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, STEVE! SHE WAS SO YOUNG...SO ALIVE!

I KNOW, SANDY ...AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS ARE A TERRIBLE THING!

SANDY LAKE WAS MY BEST FRIEND! WE'VE SPENT FIVE YEARS TOGETHER IN THE ARMY CHASING NAZIS AND THE SAME GIRLS! NOW SANDY WAS A PROSPEROUS ARGENTINE RANCHER...

THE MINUTE I HEARD ABOUT GEORGETTE'S DEATH, I WISHED YOU, SANDY! I WAS SURE YOU'D WANT TO FLY UP FOR THE FUNERAL!

I'M GLAD YOU DID, STEVE! LOOK, KID, I'M DEPRESSED! LET'S STOP OFF SOME PLACE FOR A DRINK!

STEVE, WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK DOWN WITH ME? SOUTH AMERICA IS A MARVELOUS PLACE! AND THE WOMEN ARE THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL!

I'D LIKE TO, SANDY...BUT THERE'S ONE SMALL PROBLEM! I STILL HAVE TO MAKE A LIVING! CAN'T DO IT PAL!



SANDY REMAINED IN TOWN FOR A WEEK... AND DURING THAT TIME CONSTANTLY TRIED TO SELL ME ON THE IDEA OF GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA! AS HE BOARDED THE PLANE HIS LAST WORDS WERE AGAIN INTENDED TO MAKE ME FORGET GEORGETTE...



THE IDEA ITSELF WAS MARVELOUS, BUT I GAVE IT UP AS AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM... UNTIL TWO WEEKS LATER WHEN MY BOSS CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE

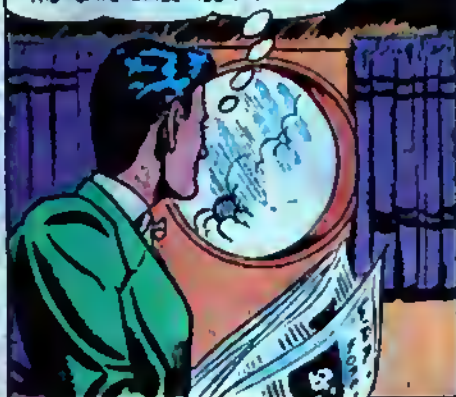


I'LL MAKE IT BRIEF, STEVE! THE COMPANY JUST GOT THE BID TO CONSTRUCT A SUPER-MODERN BRIDGE FROM LAS JUANA TO EL BROCA IN ARGENTINA! AS OUR TOP ENGINEER, IT'LL BE YOUR BABY!



ANNO SO THERE I WAS TWO WEEKS LATER, ON A PLANE BOUND FOR LAS JUANA! I'D HIRED SANDY AND WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A FEW DAYS OF FUN BEFORE SETTling DOWN TO WORK...

IT SEEMS I'M DESTINED TO GO TO ARGENTINA! BY TONIGHT SANDY AND I'LL PROBABLY BE FLIPPING A COIN TO SEE WHO GETS TO WALK SOME GORGEOUS SENORITA HOME! IT'S FUNNY THE WAY SANDY AND I FALL FOR THE SAME GIRLS ALL THE TIME!



THE PLANE LANDED AND I WENT TO THE HOTEL WHERE I HAD WIRED SANDY TO MEET ME...

YES, SENOR HANNAN, YOUR FRIEND, SENOR LAKE HAS ARRIVED! HE REGISTERED THIS MORNING!

GOOD! IS HE IN HIS ROOM?



NO, SENOR, I SAW HIM LEAVE THE HOTEL AROUND NOON. HE HAS NOT RETURNED AS YET!

OKAY, THANKS! HE'LL PROBABLY BE BACK SOON!



I UNPACKED MY CLOTHES BUT SANDY STILL HADN'T APPEARED! I DECIDED TO KILL SOME TIME BY TAKING A STROLL THROUGH LAS JUANA



WHAT A COLORFUL PLACE! THERE'S NOTHING IN THE STATES THAT CAN COMPARE WITH THIS!



SUDDENLY I SAW
A SIGHT
THAT
MADE THE
WHOLE
MARKET-
PLACE
SEEM
DRAB
AND
UNINTER-
ESTING



I RE-
TURNED
TO THE HO-
TEL JUST AS
DUSK WAS
GATHERING!
I WAS
SURE I'D FIND
SANDY
WAITING
FOR
ME
I COULDN'T
FORGET
THE FEAR
ON THAT
BOY'S
FACE...



THE DESK CLERK WAS RIGHT ... SANDY HADN'T RETURNED! I PACED THE FLOORS OF MY ROOM ALL THAT NIGHT WAITING, AND THEN, BY FOUR O' CLOCK THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, HE STILL HAD NOT APPEARED, I WENT TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES



THAT MEANS IT'S BEEN OVER TWO DAYS SINCE ANYONE HAS SEEN HIM, SER- SEANT! I WANT YOU TO SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM AND START AN INTENSIVE SEARCH!

JUST A MINUTE, SENOR... IF WE SENT MEN OUT SEARCHING EVERYTIME A MAN DISAPPEARED FOR JUST TWO DAYS, THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE WOULD BE AVAILABLE FOR NOTHING ELSE! BE CALM, YOUR FRIEND PROBABLY HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TEQUILA!



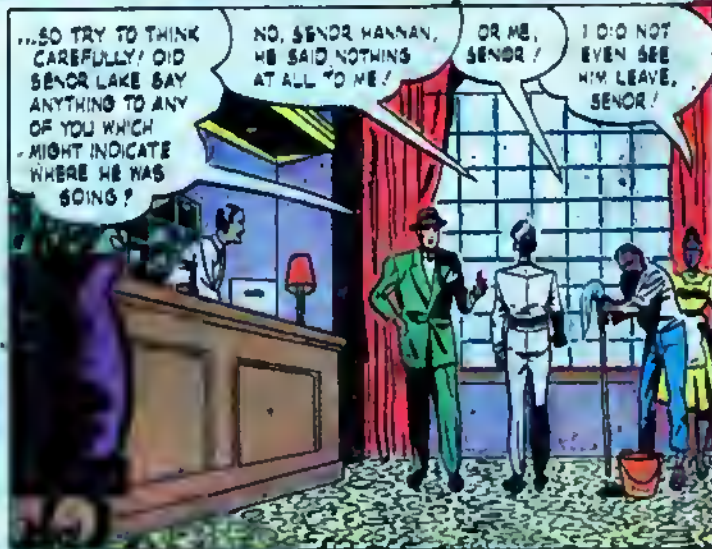
YES, BUT...

NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT, SENOR! THAT IS UNDOUBTABLY THE CASE! YOUR FRIEND WILL APPEAR TONIGHT OR TOMORROW WITH A HANGOVER... BUT OTHERWISE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT! UNLESS HE WENT WITH THE CAT WOMAN, HEH! HEH!



HE'S CRAZY! I KNOW SANDY... AND HE WOULDN'T DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO ME! I'M WORRIED... HE MAY BE IN TROUBLE!

I DECIDED TO START A SEARCH OF MY OWN WITHOUT THE AID OF THE POLICE! I BEGAN AT THE HOTEL



...SO TRY TO THINK CAREFULLY! DID SENOR LAKE SAY ANYTHING TO ANY OF YOU WHICH MIGHT INDICATE WHERE HE WAS GOING?

NO, SENOR HANNAN, HE SAID NOTHING AT ALL TO ME!

OR HE, SENOR!

I'D NOT EVEN SEE HIM LEAVE, SENOR!



I QUESTIONED ALL THE HOTEL EMPLOYEES AND SOME OF THE GUESTS, BUT I MET WITH NO SUCCESS! NEXT I MADE A ROUND OF THE NEARBY MERCHANTS...

NO, SENOR, NO AMERICANO!

THANKS, ANYHOW, PAL!

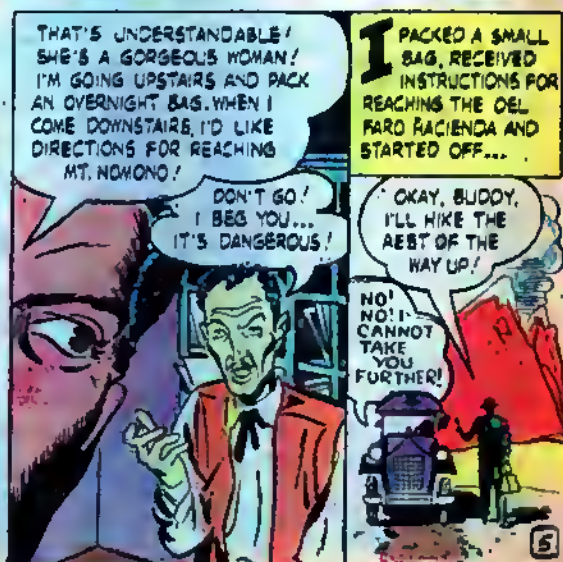
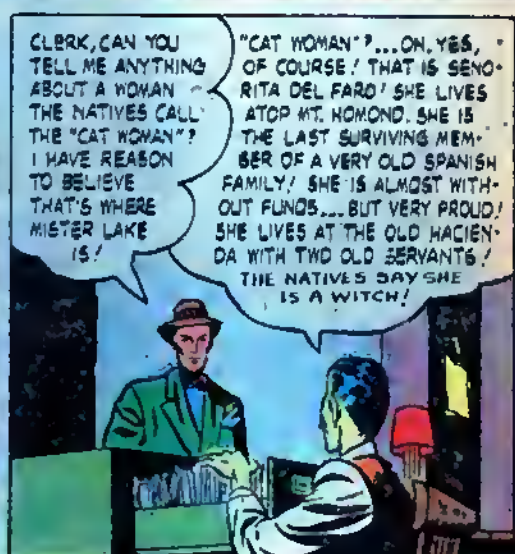
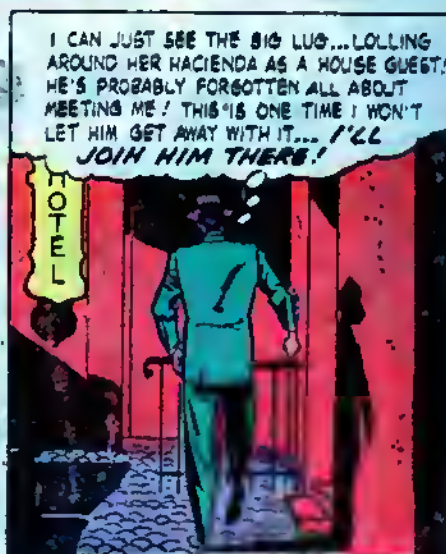


...ABOUT MY HEIGHT, BLUE EYES, SANDY HAIR, HE'S...

NOPE, SORRY, YOU'RE THE FIRST AMERICAN IN HERE IN WEEKS! I'D HAVE SPOTTED HIM RIGHT AWAY... MAYBE THE CAT WOMAN GOT HIM... HEH! HEH!



THE CAT
WOMAN!" I
LAUGHED
AS I STARTED
BACK TO THE
HOTEL! GOOD
OLD SANDY...I
SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN...HE
AND I ALWAYS
DID LIKE THE
SAME WOMEN!
THIS TIME HE'D
BEATEN ME TO
THE PUNCH!



THREE
HOURS
LATER AS
IT GREY
DARK, I
REACHED
THE TOP
OF MT.
MOMONO...
AND
SEÑORITA
DEL
PARO'S
HOME...

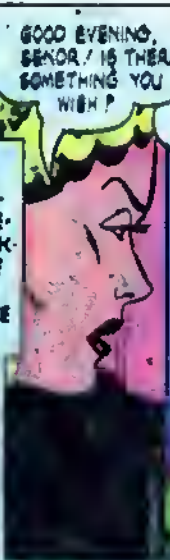


THERE IT IS!... AND
JUST IN CASE I HAD ANY
DOUBTS ABOUT IT, HERE
A CAT TO GREET ME!



HEY, FELLA, CALM
DOWN! I'M GLAD
TO MEET YOU TOO!

WITH
THE
CAT
UPON MY
SHOULDER,
I APPROACH-
ED THE FORE-
BODDING LOOK-
ING HOUSE
...BEFORE I
HAD A CHANCE
TO KNOCK
ON THE
DOOR...IT
WAS OPENED



GOOD EVENING,
SEÑOR! IS THERE
SOMETHING YOU
WISH P



WHY... ER... YEE,
I'M LOOKING FOR A
FRIEND OF MINE! IN
LAS JUANA THEY SAID
IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT
HE WAS HERE!



A FRIEND OF YOURS? WHAT IS HIS
NAME, SEÑOR... AND YOURS?

OH, I'M SORRY, FORGIVE
ME FOR BEING RUDE! I'M
STEVE HANNAN, AN ENGI-
NEER FROM THE UNITED
STATES! THE MAN I'M
LOOKING FOR IS
SANDY LAKE...

AT THE WORDS "SANDY
LAKE", THE CAT
LEAPT FROM MY
SHOULDER AT THE SEÑOR-
ITA! HE SEEMED SUDDEN-
LY TO GO INSANE...



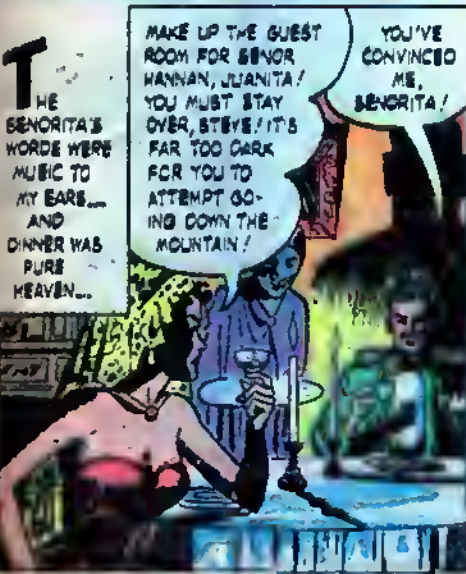
5-STOP HIM!
HEY, PELLA, CUT
THAT OUT!

I
GRABBED
HOLD OF
THE
TROUBLE-
SOME CAT
AND
FOLLOWING
THE
SEÑORITA'S
ORDERS,
TOSSED
HIM OUT
INTO
THE
YARD



OUT YOU GO,
PELLA! YOU'RE
SURE AN EX-
CITABLE
LITTLE THING!

THANK YOU SO
VERY MUCH, SEÑOR
HANNAN! YOU'VE
BEEN MOST KIND...
PLEASE ALLOW ME
TO REPAY YOU...
HAVE DINNER WITH
ME HERE!



MAKE UP THE GUEST
ROOM FOR SEÑOR
HANNAN, JUANITA!
YOU MUST STAY
OVER, STEVE! IT'S
FAR TOO DARK
FOR YOU TO
ATTEMPT GO-
ING DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN!

YOU'VE
CONVINCED
ME,
SEÑORITA!

AFTER
DINNER
I TOOK A WALK
AROUND THE
GROUNDS.
THE SEÑORITA
HAD
PROMISED TO
HAVE A DRINK
WITH ME
BEFORE
RETIRING, SO
I WAS IN
THE BEST
OF
SPIRITS...
BUT THE
STRANGE
CAT PER-
SISTED IN
FOLLOWING
ME...



STEVE, OLD BOY, YOU'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL... I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE
FALLING IN LOVE WITH THAT BLACK-
HAIRCED BEAUTY... HEY, WHAT'S
THAT...



SO IT'S YOU AGAIN, OLD FELLA!
WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR MOUTH?
BROUGHT ME A PRESENT, EH?



LET'S SEE, IT... SANDY!
IT'S SANDY'S
BRACELET!

SANDY
LAKE
RANCHO LAPRITO
HOYA,
ARGENTINA

ALL THE
THOUGHTS
OF LOVE
WERE GONE
FROM MY
MIND AS
I STORMED
BACK TO
THE HOUSE!
I'D BEEN
A FOOL...
THE
SEÑORITA
HAD LIED
TO ME...
**SANDY
HAD
BEEN
THERE!**

WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA, SEÑORITA?
LOOK AT **THIS**
AND TELL ME YOU
DON'T KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT SAN-
DY LAKE! I'M
BEGINNING TO
THINK THE NA-
TIVES ARE
RIGHT ABOUT
YOU!

THEY
ARE
RIGHT,
MY
FRIEND,
THEY
ARE!

...AND NOW I'LL
SHOW YOU WHAT
BECAME OF YOUR
FRIEND, BENOR!
YOU CAN EVEN
JOIN HIM... **IN
BECOMING
A CAT!**

THAT'S
WHAT
YOU
THINK,
BEAUTIFUL!

I PLUNGED THE DAGGER INTO HER
HEART... BUT INSTEAD OF KILLING
HER, SOMETHING WORSE HAPPENED!
THE BEAUTIFUL SEÑORITA BECAME A...

...WITCH!
**YOU'RE AN
OLD WITCH!**

HEE, HEE,
YOU'D BETTER
TAKE A LOOK
AT YOURSELF,
MY FRIEND...
YOU'RE CHANGING
TOO!



EVEN
AS I
SPOKE,
I COULD
FEEL SOMETHING
HAPPENING
TO ME...
WITH
TERROR
I
LOOKED
DOWN...

OH, GOOD LORD,
**NO! I'M
TURNING
INTO A
CAT!**



WITHIN SEC-
ONDS, THE
TRANSFORMATION
WAS COMPLETE...
WITH SCORN SHE
TOSSED ME FROM
THE WINDOW, AND
THERE, SITTING
MOURNFULLY OUT-
SIDE, WAS THE
SANDY-COLORED
CAT... TOO LATE
DID I UNDERSTAND
THE TRUTH...
YES, SANDY AND
I ALWAYS DID
LIKE THE
SAME WOMEN...

HELP US... WE
ARE NOT CATS!



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE
A WITCH CAN CHANGE
YOU INTO A CAT? SOME
WITCHES WERE BURNED
FOR DOING JUST THAT
YOU KNOW... RIGHT
HERE IN THE U.S.A.!



THE END



HORROR OF THE GHOSTLY STATUE

FOR CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN BELIEVED THAT STATUES AND REPLICAS OF HUMANS AND ANIMALS COULD BE BROUGHT TO LIFE AND DRIVE-AWAY WICKEDNESS. AMULETS WERE WORN BY ANCIENTS. EVEN TODAY GARGOYLES AND STATUES ARE PUT ON GRAND TEMPLES AND TOTEM POLES IN SMALL VILLAGES. YES, KARL'S STATUE HAD THIS POWER TOO!

YOU'LL NEVER
ESCAPE ME KAREN...
NEVER!

NO! NO!
KARL! SAVE
ME! SAVE ME!

Hy Fleishman

THIS TIME OUR TALE OF HORROR TAKES US BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY AND A SMALL VILLAGE IN MIDDLE EUROPE. YOUNG AND HANDSOME KARL MYER DELIVERS A PACKAGE FOR HIS EMPLOYER ERNST COLLIER.

HELLO,
KARL!

GOOD AFTERNOON,
KAREN...

I LOVE
ACCIDENTALLY
MEETING YOU
LIKE THIS,
KARL! IT
ALWAYS MAKES
MY DAY
HAPPIER...

YES, MINE TOO, DARLING.
DON'T FORGET, I'LL
BE OVER TONIGHT
ABOUT SEVEN! I'LL
BE GLAD WHEN YOU
FINISH THAT STATUE,
KAREN. I'M SICK OF
POSING!



WHY, KARL, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT WHEN I'M MAKING YOU THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN ALL THE VILLAGE? IF YOU'LL SIT STILL JUST FOR TWO HOURS TONIGHT, I PROMISE YOU I'LL BE FINISHED!



ALL RIGHT, MY ANGEL, IT'S A BARGAIN! SEE YOU TONIGHT!

OH, YES, IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE... KARL AND KAREN WERE IN LOVE AND ALL THE WORLD LOVES YOUNG LOVE... OR DOES IT? ERNST COLLIER WATCHING THE PAIR FROM HIS OFFICE WINDOW SEEMED DISAPPROVING...



THAT YOUNG IDIOT! WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE KAREN VINTER? SHE IS TOO LOVELY TO BELONG TO THAT STUPID YOKEL!



HE'LL NOT HAVE HER! I WON'T ALLOW IT! I WANT HER AND WHAT ERNST COLLIER WANTS, HE GETS!



UNAWARE OF HIS EMPLOYERS INTENTIONS, KARL SAT HAPPILY THAT NIGHT WATCHING KAREN COMPLETE THE STATUE OF HIM SHE HAD BEEN WORKING ON.

...AND SO, IT'S FINISHED AT LAST! DO YOU LIKE IT, KARL, MY DARLING?



YES, MY DEAREST. I LIKE IT BUT I LIKE YOU BETTER, MUCH BETTER! KARL, LET'S NOT WAIT MUCH LONGER TO BE MARRIED. MY PARENTS APPROVE OF YOU, YOUR JOB AT COLLIER'S IS SECURE...AND I LOVE YOU SO... LET'S MARRY SOON!



YES, DARLING, YES!



WITH THOUGHTS OF HER APPROACHING MARRIAGE DANCING IN HER HEAD, KAREN ANSWERED THE DOOR-BELL HAPPILY THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

...AND MOTHER CAN MAKE THE GOWN! I... OH, GOOD MORNING, MR. COLLIER!

GOOD MORNING, KAREN. HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOK SO EARLY IN THE DAY!



IF YOU WANT TO SEE MY FATHER, HE ISN'T HERE RIGHT N...

NO, KAREN, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR FATHER... I WANT TO SEE YOU... I WISH TO TALK TO YOU... ABOUT KARL!



KARL? NOTHING'S WRONG, IS THERE?

NO, MY DEAR, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO KARL... I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE PLANNING TO MARRY KARL... I'VE COME IN HOPES OF CHANGING YOUR MIND! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN TO OFFER YOU!



"A BETTER PLAN"...MR. COLLIER I DON'T UNDER-
STAND!

KAREN YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! TOO BEAUTIFUL TO WASTE YOUR LIFE AS THE WIFE OF A COMMON YOKEL LIKE KARL. YOU NEED A MAN OF MONEY... GOOD TASTE... ONE WHO WILL APPRECIATE YOUR LOVELINESS! I AM SUCH A MAN AND I OFFER YOU MARRIAGE!



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR "PLAN", MR. COLLIER! YOU'RE COLD AND SELFISH. YOU DON'T CARE WHAT I WANT... OR WHAT KARL WANTS! YOU CARE ONLY FOR YOURSELF!



THAT NIGHT KAREN AND KARL ATTENDED A LOCAL FAIR. KAREN DID NOT TELL KARL OF COLLIER'S VISIT. SHE DID HER BEST TO FORGET IT AS THEY GAILY WENT FROM BOOTH TO BOOTH...



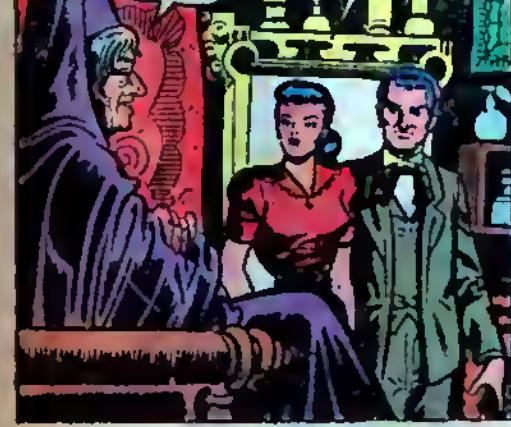
AND AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, I'LL WANT PIES THAT TASTE JUST LIKE THOSE!

POOH! I CAN DO EVEN BETTER THAN THAT! OH, KARL, LOOK AT THAT BOOTH! NOW STRANGE IT IS... LET'S GO IN!



GREETINGS, MY YOUNG FRIENDS! GREETINGS FROM INDIA.

GOOD EVEHING. WE JUST WANTED TO LOOK AROUND.



HERE IS A BOTTLE YOU MIGHT LIKE. IT IS VERY OLD AND...

OH, KARL, LOOK AT THIS OLD CNISEL / HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS! I COULD USE IT ON MY NEXT STATUE!



ALL RIGHT, MY DEAREST, THEN IT SHALL BE YOURS! NOW MUCH IS THIS CHISEL?

I CAN'T SELL THAT CHISEL TO YOU, SIR... BUT I SEE YOU MUST HAVE IT, SO IF THE LADY WILL PROMISE NEVER TO USE IT, SHE CAN HAVE IT. SHE MUST ONLY LOOK AT... BUT NOT USE IT!



THERE IS AN ANCIENT STORY OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH CONNECTED WITH THAT CHISEL. YOU MUST BELIEVE IT... BUT I WILL NOT SELL UNTIL THE YOUNG WOMAN PROMISES NEVER TO USE THE CHISEL! IT BRINGS ONLY DEATH TO ITS USERS!

ALL RIGHT, I PROMISE! I'LL NOT USE IT!



WHAT A STRANGE WOMAN, KARL. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE MEANT?

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, DARLING... IN INDIA THE PEOPLE HAVE SOME STRANGE BELIEFS AND SUPERSTITIONS.



AND AS KAREN AND KARL CONTINUED THROUGH THE FAIR, A LIGHT BURNED IN THE STUDIO OF ERNST COLLIER...



"I LOVE KARL"... THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE FOOL! LOVE MEANS NOTHING! I CAN GIVE HER EVERYTHING... AND SHE COULD BE MY PRIZE! MY PRIZE TO SHOW OFF... TO EXHIBIT TO THE WORLD! IF KARL WEREN'T AROUND, I... YES, IF KARL WEREN'T AROUND...

BUT, OF COURSE, THAT'S THE ANSWER! I'VE BEEN A BLIND IDIOT! WITHIN A WEEK, MY LUSCIOUS KAREN, YOU SHALL BELONG TO ME!



AND TWO DAYS LATER...

COME IN, MOTHER! I WANTED YOU TO SEE THIS NEW... MOTHER, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?



KAREN... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU... K-KARL IS... DEAD!

DEAD... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? IT... IT CAN'T BE!

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED... HE WAS DELIVERING A PACKAGE FROM THE STORE! HE HAD A NEW HORSE... IT BROKE LOOSE AND WENT TEARING DOWN THE STREET DRAGGING THE WAGON WITH IT...



... THE HORSE FINALLY WENT CRASHING INTO THE WALL OF THE HARDWARE STORE. THE WAGON WAS SMASHED TO BITS AND
 OH, KARL... KARL... NOT YOU, MY DARLING, NOT YOU!



KAREN WAS COMPLETELY DESOLATE WITH MISERY... AND MATTERS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE WHEN HER FATHER VISITED HER IN HER ROOM A WEEK LATER...



C-COME IN, FATHER!
 KAREN... I KNOW YOU WANT TO BE ALONE, BUT I MUST TALK WITH YOU...

IN THE NEXT MINUTES KAREN'S FATHER TOLD HER OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS... HOW THE MORTGAGE ON HIS SMALL FARM SUPPLY STORE AND THEIR HOUSE HAD BEEN BOUGHT FROM THE BANK... BOUGHT BY ERNST COLLIER...



LATER THAT NIGHT...

OH, KARL, MY DARLING, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ME...? I'M SO MISERABLE!



... AND THEN HE CAME TO SEE ME. IF... IF YOU DON'T MARRY HIM, KAREN, I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... YOUR MOTHER ISN'T WELL, AND I'M GETTING OLD!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHOM I MARRY NOW? WITH KARL DEAD... I FEEL DEAD TOO! TELL ERNST COLLIER I WILL BE HIS WIFE IN TWO WEEKS!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON ERNST COLLIER CAME TO SEE HIS FIANCEE... HE WAS FILLED WITH PLANS...

... AND AFTER A HONEYMOON IN SWITZERLAND! I THOUGHT WE'D RETURN AND GIVE A HUGE PARTY! I WANT EVERYONE TO SEE MY WIFE! HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU, MY DEAR?



COLLIER LEFT, CONVINCED THAT IN TIME KAREN WOULD BE GLAD SHE'D MARRIED HIM, AND SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ATTIC...

THE NIGHT KARL BOUGHT THIS FOR ME WE WERE HAPPY... ALIVE... AND NOW WHAT HAVE I? NOTHING... NOTHING! I'M GOING TO USE THIS CHISEL... EVEN IF THE WARNING THAT OLD WOMAN GAVE ME WERE TRUE... IT WOULDN'T MATTER! NOTHING MATTERS NOW!



AND SO, IGNORING THE WARNING OF THE OLD INDIAN, KAREN USED THE CHISEL TO SMOOTH OUT THE STATUE SHE HAD MADE OF KARL...

IF ONLY I COULD GIVE YOU LIFE... OH, THE CHISEL SLIPPED AND SCRATCHED THE LEG!



THE WEDDING BETWEEN ERNST COLLIER AND KAREN VINTER WAS TO TAKE PLACE A WEEK FROM THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY... HOWEVER, ON THE SATURDAY PRECEDING THE BIG DAY...

KAREN! KAREN! A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! MR. COLLIER'S BROKEN HIS LEG... AND NOBODY KNOWS HOW IT HAPPENED! HE WOKE UP THIS MORNING AND IT WAS BROKEN!



AFTER HER MOTHER LEFT THE ATTIC AND KAREN RETURNED TO WORK...

OH, LOOK! THE LEG SCRATCH HAS BECOME A CRACK! NOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT HAPPEN?



ONE DAY, THREE WEEKS LATER, KAREN DECIDED TO RESHAPE THE STATUE'S HEAD AND REMOVED A SMALL PIECE!



THE DATE OF THE WEDDING AGAIN APPROACHED... BUT AGAIN A STRANGE ACCIDENT HAPPENED TO ERNST COLLIER... THIS TIME HE SUFFERED A BRAIN CONCUSSION! THE MORNING FOLLOWING THE ACCIDENT, WHEN KAREN RETURNED TO THE ATTIC...

...THE PIECE GONE FROM KARL'S HEAD IS LARGER! I... IT'S FRIGHTENING! CAN IT BE THAT THE... THE...



...CHISEL?! NO! THAT'S RIDICULOUS... IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST CAN'T BE!



AGAIN THE DATE OF THE MARRIAGE WAS PUSHED AHEAD AND THIS TIME IT APPEARED AS THOUGH ALL WOULD RUN SMOOTHLY!... ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING, KAREN TURNED TO THE STATUE OF KARL FOR COMFORT...

OH, KARL, IF IT WERE (SOB) ONLY YOU I WERE MARRYING TOMORROW... IF ONLY...



THEY JUST SHOT A MAD HORSE THAT COLLIER OWNED!

LATER COLLIER ARRIVED...

YOU'RE DRUNK! AND I JUST HEARD THE HORSE KARL DROVE WAS MAD!



DON'T MENTION THAT STUPID YOKEL TO ME! I'M GLAD I MADE HIM DRIVE THAT MAD HORSE!

H-HE WAS KILLED BY A MAD HORSE! YOU MADE KARL DRIVE A MAD HORSE! YOU KILLED HIM!

I (HIC) WANTED YOU, KAREN... AND NOTHING CAN BE ALLOWED TO STAND IN MY WAY! NOT EVEN THAT STUPID STATUE!





NO, YOU WERE NEVER MADE FOR HIM, MY BEAUTIFUL... YOU'RE TO BE MINE!

YOU... YOU... KILLER! YOU MURDERED KARL!



KILLER! KILLER! YOU (GOS) TOOK KARL AWAY FROM ME!

SMASH

HOW DARE YOU STRIKE ME... NOBODY STRIKES ME... NOBODY! YOU BELONG TO ME KAREN AND AFTER TONIGHT YOU'LL NEVER DEFY ME AGAIN!



I HATE YOU! I'LL NEVER BE YOURS! YOU CAN'T OWN ME!

SLAM

I WARN YOU, KAREN... YOU'LL BELONG TO ME... I'LL SMASH THAT STATUE!



...AND KILL YOU WITH THIS CHISEL!



KARL! KARL! HELP ME!

YOU FORGET... KARL'S DEAD! WE CAN'T HELP YOU! NOBODY CAN... THE STATUE... IT'S MOVING!!

AGHRR...



KAREN FAINTED...

L.L..LET ME GO!... YOU'RE DEAD-DEAD!!

YES, ERNST, BUT THIS CHISEL WILL KILL YOU!

WHEN KAREN CAME TO ERNST COLLIER LAY DEAD AT HER FEET! HER PARENTS AND NEIGHBORS HAD HEARD THE TERRIBLE FIGHT AND COLLIER SCREAM "I'LL KILL YOU" AND SO KAREN WAS EXHAUSTED. YES... STATUES CAN COME TO LIFE! KAREN PASSED THE REST OF HER LIFE QUIETLY WORKING IN THE ATTIC... WHILE KARL'S STATUE WATCHED...



I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT, KARL... BUT I KEEP WONDERING... WONDERING...

The End

She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "Bewitch" her with it



Daring
"BLACK
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHION DEPT. 81,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approx. measurements height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Heaven Sent

Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hogging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious looning. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion! In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 253,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

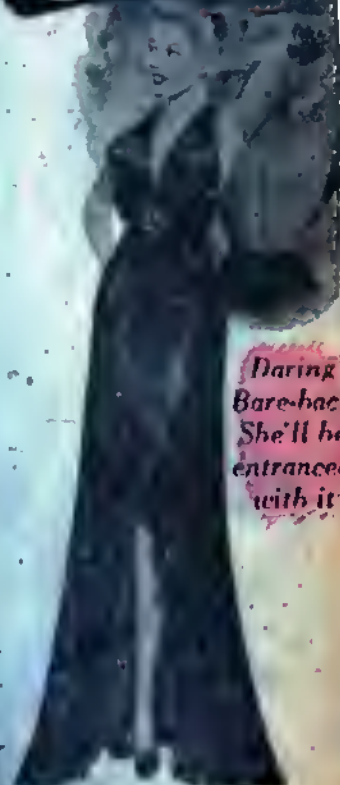
(If you don't know the size send approx. measurements height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Black Sorcery



Daring
Bare-back
She'll be
entranced
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed collar neck that ties or unites at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 371,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approx. measurements height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New Scientific Formula Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness—here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea—the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common

cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium atro.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium atro—in 60 seconds! Report #8099, June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Each chemist... were still not satisfied. Comate had proved itself in flasks, but would Comate work on the human hair and scalp? Another—a second—series of

experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalp of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied directly to the human scalp.

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635, September 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

This proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women. Comate was put to the test—the toughest of them all—was sold by the thousands on

a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have not received double their money back. Imagine! Our customers were delighted with the sensational results of the Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

100% from the laboratory tests—the PROOF from the scalp tests—in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found answers to their scalp troubles.

It's accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women, be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you.

Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles—so DON'T DELAY—no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. E., C/O FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Plaquemine, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., R. Eichland, Wash.

"My hair and this got the complexion, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics,' but until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—S. E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—O. M. M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 25 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. L., Lisbon, Ga.

"We trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Seveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy now I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unmodified testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6703-C, 1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

New Figure Mold Hide-A-Waist

17 Sensational Features Streamline Your Waist -

Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that unbecoming tummy bulge and clumsy waistline... AND... instead enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-change—like magic you have graceful alluring curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that effect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shapely no matter what angle... sit, bend, stand or walk with comfortable, even grace. The secret of glamorous, stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

Adjustable to TAILOR MADE FIT

The adjustable features of HIDE-A-WAIST allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practically made to order for your figure. Givee you poise and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure. You get the support you need with unbelievable comfort. You'll delight with what it does for you. The specially designed concave effect is a feature of note because it permits HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at the value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST... BUT... when you put it on and see your new self, you'll be the happiest girl in the world. You'll look as thin and graceful as a sixteen-year-old nymph. Ladies, to look smart—be smart and order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and not available in stores. Order direct without risk. You must be 100% delighted or we refund your money. Comes in sizes up to 40. The introductory price is indeed a bargain. Sizes up to 34 only \$2.98, plus postage. Sizes 36 and over One Dollar extra, 150c extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.)

NOTE Fashion has emphasized the streamlined waist. Be up to the minute when you parade your pretty self... order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear it 10 days FREE and, if not delighted, return for refund. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry, coupon.



You will look charmingly chic in your new Hide-A-Waist. Your stylish waistline will add new glamour to your favorite frock... you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.

ONLY

\$2.98

2 for \$5.85

HIDE-A-WAIST
Back View



FEATURES

Galore

17 Sectional Features... Streamline Waistline... Adjustable... Washable... made of Leno Lastex, satin-faced rayon. Fully guaranteed. Lightweight. Cool - Ventilated. Will not wrinkle or ride up. Sizes 24 to 40.

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. 583,
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at \$2.98. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full chase price.

Size..... (waist size in inches).

Also send..... sets of extra-length det. and adjustable garters at only 50c for set o

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on deliver few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co pay postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

MAIL COUPON NOW